Ольга Баранова

«LITERARY BLOG»

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«Literary Blog»

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Литературный блог. Произведения на иностранном языке. Перевод есть в моих ранее опубликованных книгах: зеркало души, моя душа, струны души.

12+

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«Literary Blog» by Olga Baranova

«Message to Descendants»

Written in 2026, in the summer, when not everyone yet understood how fragile humanity's memory is…

Dear Reader of the Future,

If you are holding these books in your hands or reading on a phone or computer, it means that something of me has reached you. Through the years, through generations, through the dust of time — my words have found you.

I do not know what your world has become. Do ships fly to the stars? Do trees speak with people? Or perhaps you have finally learned to live without war, lies, and loneliness?

I wrote these books not for fame. I wrote because I had to. Because in them is a piece of my soul, my fears, my belief that good is stronger than evil, that love does not disappear but only changes form.

If in my lines you find something of your own, then we are already acquainted.

If you feel your heart skip a beat — then I am alive.

I did not ask for rewards, I did not dream of monuments.

I dreamed of only one thing: that someone, somewhere, someday would open these books and say:

«Yes. I understood. Thank you.»

You are that someone.

Thank you for making it here.

With love from the past,
The Author
2026, Krasnodar Krai

I am Olga, and my life divided into «Before» and «After» the moment I heard the phrase: «Your element is not the articles of legal codes, but the wind between the lines.»

I am a lawyer with a notebook of poems that were noticed.

I slept for a long time and finally woke up.

To My Distant Ones, To My Close Ones

If you are reading these lines, then I have already become the silence between the pages you hold in your hands. My name is Olga Baranova, and during my lifetime I was called strange. Now call me whatever you wish.

I was not a prophet. I did not see the future in a crystal ball. But I had one peculiarity: any story I wrote by hand in a notebook would, after some time, come true. Not immediately, not literally, but recognizably. As if the world read the draft and decided: «Not bad, we'll do it our way, but the idea is clear.»

Despite the misunderstanding of those around me, I kept writing. Because not writing meant suffocating. You, my descendants, will understand this better than others. Because this strange, dangerous, aching ability — to live in an imagined world so that it becomes real — has been passed on to you as well.

You are not obliged to be writers. But if one day it seems to you that your thought is too bright, and your imagination too dense — know that it is it.

Keep three things:

· silence about what you can do;

· kindness when you imagine;

· and this notebook. I am in it.

I love you very much. Even without knowing your names.

Olga Baranova

autumn, a year that no longer exists in calendars

The Dream.

Olga put down her pen and looked over the pages of the manuscript — her characters were coming to life on them, and the lines seemed to glow from within. On the shelf nearby stood three of her books with bright covers; on the coffee table were fresh reviews from readers and a letter from the publishing house offering a new contract. In the hallway, ringing laughter sounded: the children had returned from school, eagerly telling each other how much everyone in class liked the books by «their mom the

writer.»

Olga smiled, got up from the table, and went to them. The children hugged her, then ran to the kitchen, where the smell of baked goods already lingered. «Mom, you're a genius!» the youngest shouted, grabbing a cookie. The eldest daughter showed the cover of a magazine featuring Olga's photo at the presentation of her latest book. «We are so proud of you,» she said, and in those words was so much warmth that her heart ached with happiness.

She returned to the table to finish the final chapter, and suddenly felt a strange lightness, as if everything around had become translucent. The letters on the pages trembled, the shelves with books dissolved into mist, and the children's voices faded away, turning into a distant whisper.

…Olga abruptly opened her eyes. She was lying in her childhood room, under an old blanket embroidered with flowers. The early morning sun peeked through the curtains. Her mother stood beside her, gently shaking her shoulder and softly repeating: «Olya, wake up, get ready for school, you'll be late!»

Olga sat up in bed, still feeling the phantom weight of the pen in her fingers. On the nightstand lay her school diary and an algebra textbook, and beside them — a worn notebook of poems she hid from everyone. «Writing something again in your sleep?» her mother smiled, noticing her confused look.

The girl nodded silently, clutching the corner of the notebook in her palm. In her dream, she had become a writer, with books and grateful readers, loving children… But here — only dreams and the fear that her parents wouldn't understand. She took a deep breath, opened her diary to write down her homework, but on the last page, as if by itself, a line appeared: «Someday I will tell these stories to the world.»

Her mother left the room, and Olga took out a pen. On a blank sheet, the first words of a new fairy tale began to flow — the very one she had dreamed of that night. And although she was still a schoolgirl hurrying to her lessons, the writer she was destined to become already lived within her.

Letter to Myself.

Well, hello there, my dear addressee. How are you doing there? I think

everything is brilliant for you, because your dreams have already come true here, while still in the present. You are probably enjoying life, because I am doing everything here for that.

Do you remember how you wrote at night, trying to make your texts understandable to the reader and beautiful at the same time? You didn't get enough sleep, but the fruits of your labor were appreciated.

Here I continue to work wonders, and so I know for sure that you are there rejoicing in the results of my labors here.

I will be glad to receive an answer from you.

With love — You!

POETRY!

Woland.

He was at Kant's breakfast,
On Patriarch's Ponds, at Varieté
He dined with Pontius Pilate,
He saw eternity on earth.

Behemoth the Cat, Koroviev, Azazello,
His whole retinue with him, always, everywhere,
He chose the queen worthily,
For the ball where Satan rules.

He is Woland, merciless with those
Who are not pure in soul themselves,
Who are greedy, believe in nothing,
Who do not sacrifice their shoulder for others.

A guest with a cane, he looked into everyone's faces,
A connoisseur of wine and wise beyond his days,
Having spent Holy Week in the capital,
He rushed away, leaving his trace behind.

June 22. Day of Remembrance and Sorrow!

The dawn froze in ringing silence,
The last moment of cloudless summer.
Flowers have not yet wilted in the windows, but
Breath has already touched the light.

In the country it's morning... about four o'clock,
Graduation has already rung in the schools,
On the radio at that hour they announced to all:
War... And the whole world fell silent.

In that house where children laughed yesterday,
Today there is only ash and cinders.
And there is no country on the whole wide world,
No victory, that which awaited.

Over Brest smoke, over Kyiv fire,
From the Volga to the Neva a single moan.
And every yard — a soldier's pedestal,
And every day — a long dream of Victory.

We remember everything. And it is always with us,
Like a mother's loud cry.
We will rise again with raised hands,
So that none of us forgets a single moment.

Freeze, candle. Let the flame not die out,
As long as hearts beat in this world.
The June day became an eternal voice,
That will not let us forget until the end.

Tell Me Why.

Tell me... why was all this?
Tell me... why was all this needed?
I opened my soul to you,
Now there is emptiness in it...

I prayed to God for you,
You were everything to me,
I opened myself only to you,
But tell me… why?

Why do you unsettle me?
Disturb me through the nights?
Lodge in my dreams,
Granting no peace to my slumbers?

Why did we meet?
I fell into your prison…
My dear, my beloved,
Tell me… why? Why?

Angel.

I will descend to earth,
You will hear the rustle of wings,
Quietly — quietly I listen,
Hello, my dear.

I will shield you from trouble,
With my wing,
And cover you with myself,
Against all odds and headlong.

I will descend to you, leaving
The heavenly abode,
I am now, my dear,
Your angel, your guardian.

Fear nothing,
I will protect you with my gaze,
Relax, calm down,
Now I am with you, beside you.

I will give you paradise,
For you, my tender, dear one,
And if necessary, take,
My wings for yourself.

On the Seventh Heaven.

On the seventh heaven with you,
We count the stars in spring,
The moon will carry us like on a swing.
On the seventh heaven, in paradise,
I will hold you tenderly,
In our love I believe sacredly.

You are the best,
There is no one cooler than you,
My love is always with you.
I will embrace you, my dear.

On the seventh heaven with you,
We count the stars in spring,
The moon will carry us like on a swing.
On the seventh heaven, in paradise,
I will hold you tenderly,
In our love I believe sacredly.

Along the Milky Way,
Defying all misfortunes,
We walk hand in hand.
Only you and I, together.

On the seventh heaven with you,
We count the stars in spring,
The moon will carry us like on a swing.
On the seventh heaven, in paradise,
I will hold you tenderly,
In our love I believe sacredly.

I Will Fly Away!

I saw you for the first time,
My eyes lit up,
Tall and handsome,
You appeared before me then.
I never thought or guessed,
That I could love so much,
I am tired of this love,
I cannot forget you.

I will fly away… Like a free bird,
Far, far away from you,
And let it be painful for me,
And let it be not easy.
I will fly into the heavens,
Where you will not be,
Where I will be all alone,
And there I will forget about you.

Your blue eyes,
Like sunshine, your curls,
Always in my soul,
Like your embraces.
Our passion died,
Never to be resurrected,
I will fly away alone,
Where the bright light shines.

At Dawn.

I will come to you at dawn,
Gently cover you with a blanket,
Outside the window the wind is loud,
I will sit a little with you.

You sleep so sweetly,
Continuing your dream,
I look at you stealthily,
How good it is with you.

You will wake up, I'll be gone,
Everything will seem like a delirium,
But dawn will come again,
And I will come to you again.

And again I will cover you with a blanket,
And again the wind will rustle,
I will be beside you,
On that side and on this side.

Star!

In the silence of the night, all alone,
I remember you,
Stars burn in the sky,
They speak to me of love.

A star fell from the sky,
And I made a wish,
Let it come true,
With you I feel good.
A star fell from the sky,
And I made a wish,
Let it come true,
With you I feel good...

Through fire and water for you,
And through any bad weather,
I will go to the ends of the earth,
You are my summer.

A star fell from the sky,

And I made a wish,
Let it come true,
With you I feel good.
A star fell from the sky,
And I made a wish,
Let it come true,
With you I feel good…

.•°"˜ Unique ˜"°•. Olga Baranova:

The world fell silent for a second,
I wait for a call every evening,
Like threading each moment on a string,
Until our meeting.
I live by this waiting,
I rave of only you,
When you are near, it's summer in my soul,
Peace and tranquility.
When you touch me, goosebumps
Run along my skin,
And the world is painted in bright colors,
When you are near, when you are here.
Time with you has stopped,
Your embraces send shivers through me,
To you alone I have opened myself completely,
You are my truth, not a lie.
When you kiss me passionately,
Leaving marks on my body,
Everything becomes beyond control,
All worries are empty.
I love to warm up with you in bed,
Feeling your fragrance,
Neither rain, nor blizzards are scary,
Nor heat, nor wind, nor hail.
It's a pity we see each other rarely,
You have your own life and affairs,
You are a drug, you are my cage,

I am addicted to you.

Author: Olga Baranova
19.03.25

Together!

We are together and we need no one,
Silence around and us two,
Love and tenderness circle nearby,
Carrying sorrows far away.
Beautiful music plays for us,
You tenderly kiss my hands,
All the bad will rush away from us,
Only the sounds of violins will remain.

Fashion!

How feminine fashion was in the old days
This is what my story today will be about,
Of silk, velvet, and chintz,
Fitting strictly at the waist.
With linen braid and lace,
Floor-length skirts with crinolines,
Soviet chronicles, morning light,
Kokoshniks, hats, powder pink.
A symphony of style, this femininity,
Only echoes of the past remain.
A weave of antiquity and dreams,
Everything that was along the way has come into fashion,
Oh, how femininity lives in fabrics,
In every moment echoing.

Wings of an Angel

Chapter 1: Salvation

I kneel before the icon,
And in my thoughts I pray aloud,
Lord, I ask for patience,
I beg You with all my soul.
I am so very tired,
Help me, help me,
There is no peace day or night,
I beg You, hear my pleas.
And God heard me as I implored,
And decided to save me,
He sent an Angel to earth,
And said: «Follow him.»

Chapter 2: Angel

I follow the angel,
He leads me onward,
Protecting from grief and troubles,
We go only forward.
Dispelling clouds with his hands,
Lighting fires along the path,
Sent to me from heaven,
My Angel walks ahead.
He came to this earth,
To protect me,
My earthly angel,
Came to take on flesh.

Chapter 3: Trial

My Angel, help me,
To pass all these trials,
Walk this path with me,
Until the very acknowledgment.
God sent you to me,
To help me here,
To save me from misfortune,
To protect me from grief.
You lost your wings,
So that I could find peace,
You became a mere mortal,
To shield me with yourself.
Help me in everything,
Only then will I find the strength,
Hold me tight, don't let go,
And we will find our wings.

AND THE YEARS FLY BY.

PART 1: THE SWIFTNESS OF TIME

And the years fly by so fast,
Leaving moments in the past,
The clock on the wall hurries on,
It's time to remember the good.
Life rushes swiftly,
Leaving only a trace,
Those pages have turned,
Against the backdrop of bygone years.
Everything that was passes,
Like gray smoke,
That golden time,
We will recall more than once.
Life is very fleeting,
Flowing like a river,
But memory, it is eternal,
Passing through the ages.

PART 2: THROUGH THE PAGES OF THE PAST

I glance at the pages of the past,
And a lump rises in my throat,
So much that was good,
In that past time.
There was love, spring in the soul,
Winter on the heart and suffering,
There was room for dreams,
And there was disappointment too.
But how dear it all is to me,
Life is one, there won't be another,
Those sunsets, those dawns,
The heart remembers, the heart loves.

PART 3: HOW SHORT THE TERM OF LIFE

Ah, how short the term of life is,
Not everything we manage to do,
To learn the lesson assigned,
To finish all our deeds, we don't know how.
To have time to dream, to have time to love,
To have time — that is the dilemma,
To have time to breathe and just live,
That is the eternal problem.
We do not have time to admit,
Our gross mistakes,
To tell our loved ones what matters most,
To walk through life without stumbling.
Ah, how short the term of life is,
We don't manage anything in it,
And we would like to learn the lesson,
And have time to do everything perfectly.

PART 4: LOOKING BACK

I will accidentally look back,
I'll see that naive girl,
Her immaculate purity,
I'll hear her ringing voice.
She knows no disappointments,
Pain has not yet happened to her,
There were no sorrows yet,
And I envied her.
Her eyes shone with happiness,
And in her laughter, music was heard,
Irony, I must confess,
For that girl was me.

CHAPTER 5: TIME TO LIVE

And the Years Fly by very fast,
So much has been in them,
The numbers of time are replaced,
In the soul, every lived moment.
We change with the years too,
Not the same as we were yesterday,
And we while away our lives,
Doing our important deeds.
Time flies fleetingly,
Slips away like sand,
Nothing is eternal,
Everyone is allotted their own term.
Where am I going with my tale?
We must value our Time,
So there is enough for love, for dreams,
And for simply living.

The Journey of the Soul.

This night is so beautiful,
Beckoning with stars,
In the sky a bright soul,
Floats without worries.
It left its prison,
Gaining freedom forever,
From those prison walls,
That are called — Man!
Its path is endless,
Its way is light and darkness,
It will reach the final point,
Where its dream awaits.

The Old Man!

Along a gray road alone,
An old gray-haired man walks,
He walks, limping,
Helping himself with his stick.
On his face are wrinkles,
The reason for a life lived,
In his eyes is wisdom,
And on his skin, roughness.
He has walked so many roads,
Found so many joys and sorrows,
He brought happiness to people,
He humbled himself and loved.
In his heart were pain and fervor,
Every moment — like a precious gift,
He will tell of the days of old,
Of how dreams came true.
And if weariness comes,
He will say: «It's nothing, no problem!»
Every path is a moment,
And life is a beautiful inspiration.

Unforgettable Ones!

In the era of light and great ideas,
Through black-and-white film they came to us,
Heroes lived, on the screen of days,
In them we found our reflection.
Old theater is a poem,
Actors — warriors, in battles for their roles,
There where they created dreams and system,
Each playing, invested their pain.
The unspent energy of words,
Tarkovsky, Bondarchuk and the rest with them,
Every frame — a stroke of new dreams,
Fame follows, like a shadow behind them.
Echoes of those bright times,

We will keep in our hearts forever,
In our memory burns with fire,
The memorial of actors gone.

April!

April gives us wonderful weather,
Amid all the adversities,
And someone goes to the countryside,
And someone to the garden.
And someone will enjoy,
The fresh air, the warmth,
Go for a walk in the park,
And won't want to go home.
April is wonderful — that's true,
The scent of happiness wafts in the air,
Everyone is glad that spring has come,
And how many days are still in store.

«The Brave Boy and the Magic Flower.»

In a small village lived a widow; she had a son — Maksimka, he was 9 years old.

A rumor spread through the village that beyond the forests, beyond the mountains, there was a magic flower that gave happiness, luck, and strength.

The boy decided to obtain it. Early in the morning, while his mother was asleep, he set off on his journey.

He walks and walks, and towards him comes an old man:

— Hello, boy, where are you headed? — asks the old man.

— Hello, I'm looking for the magic flower — the boy replies.

— It is in the possession of an evil wizard! Here, take this elixir, sprinkle it on the wizard and he will dissolve.

Maksimka thanked the old man, took the elixir, and continued on his way.

He walks and walks, and towards him comes an old woman.

— Hello, boy, where are you headed?

— I'm looking for the magic flower.

— Here, take this shirt, put it on, it will protect you.

The boy thanked the old woman and went on.

He walks, and towards him comes a little man.

— Hello, boy, where are you headed?

— I'm looking for the magic flower.

— Take this stick, wave it, and what you think of will appear before you.

Maksimka thanked the man and went on.

He walks, and before him is a river; he waved the stick and a bridge appeared. Maksimka crossed to the other side. He looks, before him is the castle of the evil wizard. He came closer, the wizard appeared and began swinging his sword. The boy tried to reach for the elixir, but the wizard disappeared. Then he appeared from behind and tried to strike the boy in the back with his sword, but it did not pierce him. Maksimka, meanwhile, took out the elixir and sprayed it at the wizard, and he dissolved.

The boy waved the stick and the flower appeared in his hands.

Having completed the task, Maksimka started back.

On the way back, he met the man, the old woman, and the old man again and shared the power of the flower with them.

The boy came home, his mother hugged and kissed him. They planted the flower in a pot, and it brought happiness to everyone.

unique:

Family History!

The history of my family goes back to the distant past. Unfortunately, I do not know the genealogy of my family in full detail. I am sure that no one knows everything completely, because traces, sooner or later, are lost.

I want to tell you about my relatives, whose history I know.

Grandmother — Belyaeva A. I.

My grandmother, Belyaeva Antonina Ivanovna, maiden name Shkoda. When she was seven years old, she lost her mother. There were four children. Her mother — Shkoda Praskovya, maiden name Manuilova, died at 33. Her father went to the front, and after the war he remarried.

The children were taken in by their grandfather and grandmother, the

father's parents.

At fourteen, my grandmother went to work.

A few years later, she got married. She worked on a farm — as a milkmaid.

She gave birth to three children.

Grandfather — Belyaev V. P.

My grandfather, Belyaev Vasily Pavlovich. He worked as a swineherd, then as a watchman on a collective farm in the village of Gorkaya Balka.

According to my mother's stories, my grandfather loved books; they read together and then discussed what they had read.

From my childhood memories, my grandfather loved it when people gave him massages, he always asked everyone about it.

He was the best builder, had golden hands. He also carved wood. He had many animals, including jackdaws. He would let them fly around, and then they would return home.

I also remember how he would pick me up and spin me around.

He passed away — August 14, 1990, I was six years old at the time.

He died in a motorcycle accident, on the night of his birthday. I will never forget that night!

After the celebration, he went to work.

Everyone urged him to stay home, but he didn't listen.

That night, a colleague was covering for him, and my grandfather was very worried... Was everything alright there? We all saw him off, not suspecting that we were seeing him alive for the last time.

On his way back, he hit a stone and overturned.

To this day, I remember how I waited for him that very night! I threatened my dolls, saying that grandfather would come soon and scold them for not listening.

I even didn't eat the meat in the soup, but left it for him. Probably, I felt that I wouldn't see him again. Children feel everything.

Then came the hardest part — the funeral.

Grandmother was left alone; it was very hard, but we supported her as best we could.

She never remarried. And she didn't want to.

Grandfather protected her, even after his death. When she was sick, he appeared in her dreams. He healed her in her sleep, and she felt better.

Grandmother passed away on March 13, 2017. She died from a massive stroke.

Great-grandfather Belyaev P. K.

My grandfather's father, Belyaev Pavel Konstantinovich, went to the front and did not return. A notice came that he was missing in action. Later, soldiers who returned alive told how they were taken prisoner. At that time, my great-grandfather, since he knew German perfectly, translated for all the Russians what the Germans were saying. In doing so, he helped everyone escape from captivity, but he himself could not be saved.

Great-grandmother — Belyaeva M. R.

My great-grandmother, Belyaeva Maria Rodionovna, my grandfather's mother, gave birth to nine children. After her husband went missing, she did not remarry.

My grandfather — Baranov V. P.

I never knew my grandfather, Baranov Valentin Petrovich. He died three years before I was born. I only know that he worked as a garage manager. He drew very well and loved to read detective novels.

He had one favorite detective novel, where the main character was Sergei. In his honor, he named my father and brother.

From what others said, my grandfather was a very good man.

His ancestors were Cossacks.

His grandfather Nikolai had a St. George Cross, which was personally awarded to him by Tsar Nicholas II.

Other ancestors of my grandfather had their own mill and lived prosperously.

My grandmother — Baranova L. V.

My grandmother, Baranova Lyubov Vasilyevna, maiden name Tikhonova. She gave birth to four children.

After my grandfather died, she did not remarry. She died of cancer in 1999.

My father — Baranov S. V.

My father, Baranov Sergei Valentinovich, went from being a simple

driver to a Federal Judge. He worked in the police and held leadership positions.

In 1995, he was among the first to be sent on a mission to Chechnya. That was the hardest time for us.

In 1996, he was awarded the Medal of the Order «For Merit to the Fatherland,» II degree.

In 2000, he was appointed as a federal judge of the Novopokrovsky District Court.

In 2011, he was awarded the academic degree of Candidate of Juridical Sciences.

Dad's hobbies — hunting and fishing.

I remember from childhood that we had hunting dogs and Dad went hunting with them.

I haven't told about Dad's grandfather and grandmother. Petrenko Maria Nikolaevna, maiden name Pashkova. She divorced Dad's grandfather. I remember her very well. She lived to a ripe old age.

His grandfather — Baranov Petr Ivanovich, went through the entire war. Unfortunately, I don't know anything else about him.

My mother — Baranova T. V.

My mother, Baranova Tatyana Vasilyevna, maiden name Belyaeva. She worked as an accountant. She also loves to read books, and we have a whole library at home. Also, my mommy loves to grow flowers and cooks very tasty food.

Our mother created a strong rear for our father and family. She always and in everything supports and gives advice.

My children. Maria and Matvey.

My daughter Maria is studying at college to become a lawyer.

She participates in conferences. She graduated from the legal school of political culture. Masha draws very beautifully and graduated from art school. She has everything ahead of her!

My son, Matvey, goes to school. He attends music school. At first, he played the violin, and now — the synthesizer. In his free time, he is engaged in computer game development. Matvey has a successful future ahead of him!

Life goes on…
My ancestors — my history!
My family — my pride!
My children — my future!

The Brigade!

It was in the distant year of 2003. I was friends with girls — Tanya Lobova, Tanya Skvortsova, and Nadya Skvortsova. We were inseparable. We called ourselves the Brigade. There was a TV show with that name.

I was — Cosmos,
Tanya Lobova — Phil,
Tanya Skvortsova — Bee,
Nadya — Sasha Bely.

Yes, we were a brigade, always and everywhere together.

It was that time when everything was beginning, when everything was new and interesting.

We went to discos together, hung out with boys, went to cafes, just walked until late. We had fun together.

We spent all holidays together. We even tried alcohol for the first time together.

Everyone in the village knew us, precisely as the Brigade.

Passersby would say as we passed:

— That's the Brigade…

Our friendship is a legend. It still remains, only everyone has grown up and moved away.

It was a golden time when we were all together.

A Story of One Day.

Sometimes it happens that one event can change a lot.

When I was studying in the city of Tikhoretsk for a degree in Jurisprudence, I also attended a journalism school. The teacher at this school was journalist Roza Varavina. She was supposed to have an interview with the writer Genrikh Nikolaevich Uzhegov. Due to family circumstances, her meeting fell through, and she suggested that I go to this meeting instead. She instructed me on what to ask and told me to write

everything down. That evening I went to meet the writer. Uzhegov had his own club, a literary association, where he gathered writers of Kuban.

I arrived, introduced myself, and was let in. At that time, I also wrote poetry, which I presented to Uzhegov and he liked them. So I not only interviewed him but also joined his club.

The Fire.

One day, my niece and I were walking down the street. Suddenly, we saw grass burning near a neighboring house. The fire was spreading with renewed force. I called the fire department. They dispatched a fire truck. But as always with us, you can't wait for an ambulance or a fire truck. While waiting for help, the whole street gathered and started putting out the fire themselves, using sand.

When the fire was almost out, an epic moment happened — the fire truck arrived.

The most important thing is that no one was hurt in this situation.

.•°"˜ Unique ˜"°•. Olga Baranova:

She and He!

I close my eyes again,
And fly away into the heavens.
Your touches,
You savor my lips again.
A shiver ran through my body,
Goosebumps again on my skin.
Time stopped again,
Blood froze in my veins.
My soul soaring,
Flies away into the heavens.
Dissolved entirely in you,
Lost attraction to the Earth.
You are mine... and not forever, perhaps,
And I am yours for eternity!

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You close your eyes again,
When I touch you,
When I savor your lips,
Goosebumps all over you.
Time stands still,
It's in no hurry to go anywhere.
And we are in no hurry,
We belong to each other.
I run my hand through your hair,
And look into your eyes,
You are not here, you are somewhere,
Your thoughts on another planet.
You are mine... You are my angel,
I am forever yours.

The Inferno.

And there the wind rages fiercely,
And bullets whistle there,
Everything is gray, no light is seen,
For our boys.

Fate has predestined them,
They are the defenders of the country,
In friendly formation, in battle array,
They went behind enemy lines.

How many of our guys,
Perished on the battlefield,
Leaving wives and children,
A heavy lot fell upon them.

Let us honor them with a minute of silence,
The memory of them is forever,
On this day of farewell,

A star will light up in the sky.

For those in the inferno, the soldiers,
We will pray to God,
That they return home, back,
To their own, dearest ones.

The Russian spirit is invincible,
And with this truth alone,
We will destroy the fascists,
Raise the victory flag over the country.

A Mighty Country!

Rose from the ashes,
Rising from its knees,
From the very inferno,
From hundreds of logs.
Russia, our great country,
Majestic, beautiful it is.
Birches and willows,
Forests and seas,
Russia, Russia,
Our native country.
Glorify Russia,
Strong and mighty,
Let not dark clouds,
Overtake you.
You can do everything,
Defend yourself worthily,
Glory to the country,
With a low bow.

The Soldier!

On the battlefield, in the silence,
He dreams of a peaceful sky,

Under the weight of battle fires,
He knows no fear.
Fate decided for him,
He is a savior, he is a hero,
Wait, wait for him,
He will return, he will come home.

Wait! He will surely come,
To his family, to his beloved,
Through fire and smoke he will pass,
Even if it's unbearable.
Can't call, can't write,
The enemy advances day and night,
We must defend the rear,
But he misses so, so much.

He has lost his peace,
But he goes, goes forward,
For he is brave, he is a hero,
His duty calls to the country.
Leaving his home,
He went to defend the country,
A brave soldier, that's who,
About whom I tell my tale.

Yellow Flowers!

Yellow flowers mean separation,
So people say,
But you, not believing rumors,
Gathered them in the field.
You gave them to me today,
Yellow flowers,
And with a smile you said,
That you don't believe in omens.
I will put the flowers in a vase,
Let them decorate the house,

Let them leave their scent,
A wonderful fragrance in it.
Yellow flowers mean separation,
So people say,
But I don't believe in rumors,
Let them stand in the vase.

Vocation!

Nothing matters, I am in the moment,
I savor this life,
A ribbon between past and future,
Spinning that very instant.
I listen to the singing of birds,
Watch the planets and stars,
Look at millions of happy faces,
Sometimes indulge in daydreams.
I look at nature, its beauty,
Savor the fragrance of wondrous flowers,
Admire the sunset, greet the dawn,
I am free from heavy shackles.
I love walking barefoot in the rain,
In winter, when there is much snow,
I love to welcome spring,
I love traveling on the road.
I love summer, fruit in the garden,
The rustling of leaves in autumn,
I love this life so much,
For it was not given to me in vain.
I tried to understand for what,
I visited this world,
And I found my calling,
I fell in love with it so much.
Now I am in no hurry,
I enjoy and observe,
I just breathe and just live,
And most importantly, I know what I live for.

Choice!

Life gives us a choice,
Choosing, we go forward with it,
It doesn't matter if it's a fall or a rise,
Crawling on the ground or flying.

We choose ourselves, this is life,
And we don't know if it's a loss or a prize,
We take it and go for an encore,
This is our choice, not a whim.

Everyone has their own choice,
Honor, vocation, or love,
Life presents choice again,
And we take it with us.

And immediately, what the choice is, we don't see,
But we choose to love or hate,
Whom to forget, whom to see again,
Whom to comfort, and whom to offend.

Whom to support with a word,
Whom not to let close,
With whom to communicate, and whom not to know,
No one can take away our choice.

I chose my destiny,
And I am going towards my goal,
My choice, I love it,
It helped fulfill my dream.

It determined for me who is the crush,
What is important, what is flash,
It determines my type,
For it is not coercion, but our choice.